

# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.  
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly out, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

### An Unusual Chum.

Henry Blake's father goes fishing with him. And goes in the creek so to teach him to swim. He talks to him just like they're awful close chums. And sometimes at night he helps Henry do sums. And once he showed Henry how he used to make A basket of wintling a peachstone, and take The bark off of willows for whistles, although He hasn't made one since a long time ago.

Henry Blake's father is just like his chum. And when he goes fishing he lets Henry come. He fixes two seats on the bank of the brook. And sometimes he laughs in the bluest way. At some little thing that he hears Henry say. And dips up a drink in his hat like you do. When only just boys go a-fishing with you.

Henry Blake's father will take him and stay Somewhere in the woods—for a half-holiday. And wear his old clothes and bring home a big sack Of hickories and walnuts to help Henry crack. And sit on a dead log somewhere in the shade. To eat big sandwiches his mother has made. And Henry Blake's father, he don't seem as though He's more than his uncle. He likes Henry so!

—J. W. Foley in Collier's.

### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Robert Krauss of Tatfield, Many thanks for the book you sent me, entitled Circus Boys Across the Continent. I have read it through and think it very interesting.  
Helen M. Reynolds of Eagleville: I received the prize book, Doty Dimple at Play. I had Doty Dimple at home, and was very glad to get another one of those books. Thank you very much for the book.  
Alice M. Gorman of Versailles: I received the prize book entitled Prudy Keeping House, which you sent me. I have finished reading it. I think it is

very interesting, and thank you very much for it.

Adelle Demuth of Baltic: I thank you much for the prize book I received. I have finished reading it, and it is very interesting. Thanks many times.  
Ruth C. Brown of Williamstide: I think the prize book you gave me is very nice. Thank you for it.

E. Cordelia Smith of Packer: I received the prize book you sent me and was very much pleased with it. I thank you.  
Carl Ploss of Tatfield: I received the pretty prize book entitled Black Beauty which you sent me, and I thank you very much for it. I have read it and am very much pleased with it.

Frank Parry of Norwich: I thank you for the nice prize book you sent me. I have read part of it and I find it very interesting.

### WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Thomas Maworth of Norwich, Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter.
- 2—Eva Sadinsky of Norwich, Our Father's Eve.
- 3—Catherine M. Murphy of Norwich, The Steel Horse.
- 4—Walter Archer of Leonard Bridge, With the Battle Fleet.
- 5—Jessie L. Brehaut of East Norwich, N. Y., Frank on a Gunboat.
- 6—Lucy Henshaw of Colchester, Camp in the Footlights.
- 7—George D. Palmer of Griswold, Black Beauty.
- 8—Lena Bloom of Norwich, Child's Garden of Verses.

Winners of books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

### UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE AWAKES.

I suppose many of you have heard someone say: "The winters are nothing now compared to what they were when I was a boy!" I suppose there is a great variety of winters and it may be barely possible there never were two winters exactly alike in any part of the earth. Uncle Jed does not think the difference in the intensity of winters has much in them to warrant the opinion that the climate here in New England is changing.

The winters when Long Island sound was frozen over and teams crossed on the ice are so far apart that they are long talked about before they recur again. The same may be said of shirt sleeves weather in January, or planting weather in March.

There are years when there is a frost in every month, and these are quite common; but the year when plowing can be done in every month are far apart and uncommon.

New England has known such a thing as a snow squall in July and a thundershower in December. Most of us have forgotten by this time that ice made on the night of the 9th of June and the 14th of Sep-

tember in 1913 and the length of time from ice to that summer was only one year.

I have sometimes thought the reason men are inclined to the conviction that the winters when they were boys were the worst ever for deep snows is because then they had little eyes and short legs—they couldn't see over a snowbank so well or so readily wade through one.

Everybody seems to have a poor memory when it comes to climatic conditions or the state of the weather. It is quite common to hear folks say: "I never saw such a day as this at the same time of year," and then someone will be found who can mention one such day within a few years.

We are especially fortunate here in the southern end of the Quinebaug valley where deep snows are quite rare because we get a warm winter sun. In most of New England there is plenty of sleighing and riding every year.

I presume when you are grown up you will have a memory of severe winters in your boyhood—so severe you couldn't forget them. It has even been true in the lives of men.

### JUST FOR THAT VALENTINE PARTY.

Invitations to a St. Valentine's Day party seem to be in the most correct form written on the backs of heart-shaped valentines. But who wants to be original, so any number of ingenious forms of invitations are devised by the clever.

The only real requirement is that they be appropriate. The table decorations, too, are a matter of personal taste—pink hearts, gold Cupids and blue forget-me-nots can be used to get a festive effect. A simple menu, dainty and wholesome, consists of chicken sandwiches (and other varieties, if desired) cut heart-shape with a cookie-cutter; delicious omelet with whipped cream; an apple and nut salad, sprinkled over with red heart nuts; and a plain dressing with whipped cream stirred through it. Pink hearts of ice cream (molds) or ordinary brick ice cream cut in slices and then each slice cut with a heart-shaped cookie-cutter, and small cakes—heart-shaped if home made, or a big cake with a sugar Cupid on top. Small sugar Cupids come ready to be placed on the icing of small cakes. Gut arrows and all sorts of table accessories appropriate to the theme of the party.

For the young people there are all sorts of games. One of the most telling games requires envelopes to be hidden, although tied at the end of a long string, and the other end of the string to contain an arrow. The arrows ends are all brought to one place and each lad and lassie selects one, and then the fun of "seeking their fortunes" begins. Often the threads of two become entangled in the chase, and the process of search has to be stopped till they are straightened out. The envelopes can be numbered and the progress of the search has to be noted on the envelopes.

For the "old" married folks a reminiscence party furnishes most fun. In this game each guest is asked to write a description of a wife's wedding gown, to be read aloud when finished and submitted to her judgment. It is but fair to say guests usually accompany the writing of such papers and laughter comes with the reading of them. Wives, too, may be called upon to contribute some interesting reminiscences to be treated in the same manner.

### STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

#### Why Beans Have Black Seams.

Once upon a time a woman gathered some straw to make a fire. She made a fire on the hearth. Then she got some beans to cook. One of them dropped on the ground beside the coal. A straw had dropped on the ground before. The coal said to the bean and straw:

"Why are you here, my friends?" The bean and the straw said they had escaped from their lives.

The bean, the coal and the straw then thought of a good plan to escape. On the way they crossed a brook. The coal said to the straw:

"You go first."

So the straw went first, and when she got to the middle she fell in. The coal went next and fell in.

The bean laughed so heartily that he burst.

A man seeing him and taking pity on him, sewed him up.

The needle and thread he used was black, and that is why beans have black seams.

LUCY HENSHAW, Age 11, Colchester.

#### A Kind Child.

Once there was a little girl who was coming home from school. She saw a little boy looking in through her gate. The little boy said "Hello!" and the girl said "Hello!"

The boy said: "You have a beautiful home."

The girl said: "Yes! Haven't you?"

The boy said: "No. My father is poor, and my mother is ill."

The girl said: "Will you come and visit me some time?"

"Do you really mean it?" the boy asked.

"Yes," said the girl.

So the little boy went home and told his mother.

After he had his dinner he went over and played with the girl. Now it happened that it was the girl's birthday, so she invited him in and they had ice cream, cake and candy for the party.

DOROTHY FARRELL, Age 8, Norwich.

#### The Maid and the Pail of Milk.

Dolly, the milkmaid, was a good girl and very careful.

Her mistress gave her a pail of milk to bring to the doctor's house. She took the pail on her head, she tripped and fell.

"Why, yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture land."

"Oh, no, my son! My son!" he cried. "Are you really alive?"

"Yes, father! When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture land."

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The sleeper stirred and turned his head on the pillow.

"Why, as I have a nice nap?" he thought. "What is it, daughter?"

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thirty barrels of gunpowder for our troops at the battle of Bunker Hill.

When Washington was encamped at Morristown, N. J., he wrote to brother Jonathan asking him what he could do for his soldiers. Trumbull promptly sent him two hundred barrels of flour, one hundred of pork and one hundred of beef.

Not far from Jonathan Trumbull's home, a small gambrel-roofed building known as the war office, Washington, Greene, Lafayette and Sherman were there many times to consult Trumbull.

The faithful governor died two years after the close of the war, and was laid to rest in a little old cemetery in Lebanon.

WALTER ARCHER, Age 13, Leonard Bridge.

### Washington Crossing the Delaware.

The picture brings to mind King Winter with his cold biting breath, freezing the water, and covering the ground with a white carpet of snow. It was such a night that Washington crossed the Delaware.

If Massachusetts retreated across New Jersey, closely followed by the British, and his only wish was to encourage his men. In fact, not only was the whole country discouraged, for the British had won every battle in the war against taxation without representation. Dec. 26, 1776, Washington reached the Delaware, opposite Trenton, the place he wanted to attack. He planned to cross the river with his army, horses and ammunition that night, while the Hessian soldiers were making merry on Christmas eve.

Some Marblehead fishermen living in that vicinity rowed them across. They started while the stars were shining, but when they were half way over the snow began to fall, adding more to their difficulties. For the journey was a perilous one because of the ice, the small boats, the tired men, and the restless horses.

At 4 a. m. they reached Mackonkey's Ferry, nine miles north of Trenton. The march ahead of them would take them four hours, and a fierce storm of sleet and hail had to be marched through. The guns and ammunition were wet, so that they had to use their bayonets in fighting. Dec. 26 the attack was made.

The battle was fought, and the Americans won, capturing 1,000 Hessians. The loss was a small one to the Americans. The result was that the American people were encouraged.

Emmanuel Leutze, the painter of the picture, was born in Germany, but lived and was educated in America. He was fond of history and adventure, and painted many pictures of battles with German, French and Spanish history.

HELEN M. WHITTAKER, Age 13, Providence, R. I.

### The Doll's Story.

About three weeks before Christmas a large case of dolls was sent out of New York to a large business store in Norwich. Among the dolls in the case was a very beautiful one.

Our journey was a long and wearisome one, for we had to shout to make each other heard, the train made such a noise. Fortunately all such journeys come to an end at last, and it was a very thankful case of dolls that was finally carried into the Norwich station.

A man came to meet us there and put us on a truck and carried us to our destination. We expected to be taken into a hotel to spend a week or so, but instead we were taken to a store where we were unpacked and put on shelves.

Think of our disappointment to find ourselves there! Before long many girls and ladies came into the store to buy Christmas toys.

I was considered very beautiful. Their eyes alighted on me with admiration before animals.

"What a perfect beauty!" exclaimed a little girl.

"So lifelike, too!" said another, and so on until I felt tired of praise.

At last one elegant lady came up and asked the lady behind the counter to take me down from the shelf. I was put up so high that she could walk to the edge of the shelf so that she could take me down, when a tall man came up and lifted me down.

His now passed into the hands of the proud looking lady who looked me over from head to foot and at last said:

"Why, she is a perfect beauty, isn't she?"

"Yes, she is the prettiest of the stock."

"What do you ask for her?" queried the lady.

The saleslady named the price and I was covered up, put into a box and wrapped in paper. The lady felt myself being tied in. I suppose that was done so that I could not get out.

I then went to sleep and don't remember anything that happened until I found myself in a beautiful Christmas tree. Oh, if you could only have seen Alice, when I was given to her. I don't believe I deserve to be praised so much as I am, do you?

EVA SADINSKY, Age 11, Norwich.

### My Summer Ride.

One day last summer I went in a touring car to Westerly. We started about one in the afternoon. It was a level road almost all the way. We saw many pretty flowers on our way.

When we reached Westerly we stopped at Watch Hill and had dinner there. We had a fine breeze on our way back. We reached home at five o'clock sharp. I was too tired to go out playing with my friends, so I waited till supper. I felt much refreshed in the morning.

BESSIE FOX, Norwich.

### LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

#### Mischiefous Flossie.

Dear Uncle Jed: My pet kitten is almost ten months old, and is a good size for her age. She was given to me last April for a present from my cousin. She is all white except two black spots on her sides and a yellow one on her tail and head.

Every morning at half past seven she runs in my room and wakes me up. She would not let any one feed her except me. Her name is Flossie, and I call her Floss for a short name.

Sometimes she is naughty, but I don't think she means to be for she is only a little kitten.

One day I was knitting a hat for my doll, and left the wool on the table and as soon as I left the room Miss Flossie jumped on the table, bit the wool to pieces and tore it with her claws till it looked as if it had been cut and rolled in the mud.

I whipped her a little, but she seemed of no use.

I will write you sometime more of her mischievous little tricks.